No, look again! The image changed, therefore your answer is wrong. Check the visiuals!
That's so arbitrary!
Makes the math puzzle fun! Makes it mean.
How is math mean?
You just weren't looking hard enough.
Because people withhold how to do it, and laugh at you, or are frustrated with you, or outright label you stupid and stop talking to you like a whole person cause you can't follow the missing steps!
And when you ask why one thing means something specific they say, "Cause it just DOES!". It's as bad as the English language in that respect!
But if you spent more time with it you could....
AAAAAAAAUUUGGH!!!!!
Freaked out Kitteh again, did we?
DAH! Stop sneaking up on me!
But yeah, what's her deal?
Let me guess. You showed her a problem. She gave you an answer. It was wrong. She asked why? You said look again. She didn't see anything. You said look again. She made more mistakes.
You said look again.

Well yeah. You have to observe to solve it. It's a puzzle.

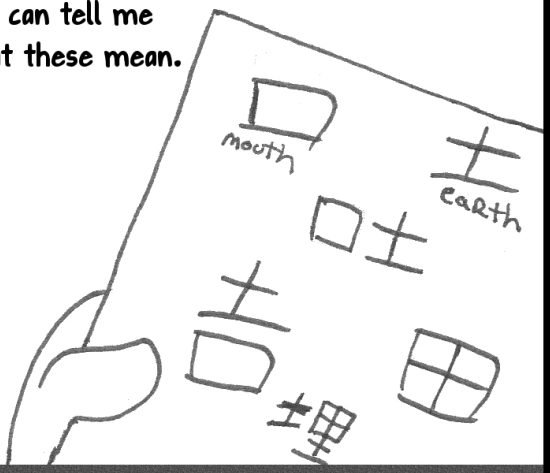
Why have a freakout over a simple puzzle though?

Alright then,
I have a puzzle for you.

A 24 hour challenge if you're up to it.

I am.

Because Kit's folks often tried to use sleep and food as punishers and "incentives" to make her learn, you don't get either until you can tell me what these mean.

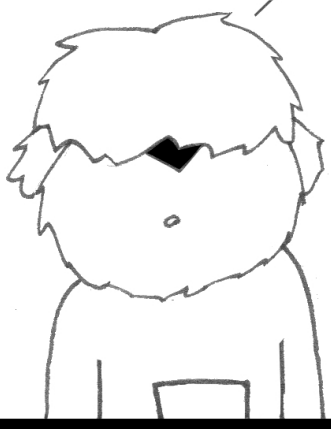


And you're not allowed to look anything up. Only observe.

Pup, this is another language.

Yup, and so is Math.

Poop.



The Next Day.
Hour 23 of the challenge.
GRUMBLE GRUMBLE
Hooooooow's it going sunshine?
I'm hungry and I hate everything.
Especially you.
That sounds about right.
So, one hour left. Would you like to quit now, and I'll make us a nice breakfast?
GRUMBLE
I didn't hear that.
WYESSH PWEEESH!
That's better. Now go get a nice hot shower, and I'll see you in the kitchen. Coffee will be ready.
SSHANK YOUSH!
Ooooo... everything smells so amazing!
Ralph! Go put on some pants!

♩ Ah, sweet mystery of life,
At last I've found thee! ○.

Your ventriloquism remains impressive Ralph.

So, are you ever going to tell me what the answers are? What are those words?

Sure.

Mouth and Earth. You put mouth in front of earth, and you get spit.

Really?

Earth in a mouth, you get a field.

Why?

Because we grow food.

That mouth is SUPER earthy!

That's because it's Buried.

Yep, that would put a lot of dirt in one's mouth!

So what's the last one?

Good Luck.

What? Why?!?!

No idea. You'll have to ask a scholar.

But that's...

Awfully obtuse, unfair, and how the cuss was I supposed to intuit that?
Yes. That.
And now that you know how it basically works, I'm sure you'll never get any of it wrong, ever again!
Bite me.
You do get why we did this challenge though, don't you?"
Kit's panic.
Is part of it. Bring it home now.
My psych taught me that our experiences as kids, especially from zero to ten years, are where the most automatic responses necessary for our survival, are burnt into our brains. These are the hardest impulses to override, because we were our most vulnerable when we learned them.
We start learning math here, at about five to six years old, depending on which state you live in. Kit's folks were food and/or sleep withholders until the math problems were solved. Ergo, Math equals pain, and panic.
And the more you are afraid or hurt, the less you can actually learn. Hence, not only is the math painful, it's also, "unobtainable."
Ding Ding Ding! You win a Biscotti!
OoO! Almond!

And if I guess that most parent types teach math by, "Just look again harder", and how that perpetuates the vicious pain cycle, do I get another cookie?

Finish your breakfast first.

So, how would you get Kit to learn a math technique?

Well, it's easiest if she wants to learn. Tell me, did she want to learn your puzzle? Or did you just want to "show her"?

Sigh.... "show."

Mmm. Well... :SIP:
Kit's usually at her best when she asks first. It means she's ready to know and she'll try harder.

Yeah, but what do you do?

Something that fits her circumstances. If she wants to know how to calculate sales tax, it's as simple as reminding her how to type it into her calculator. That and remembering which state we're in. If she forgets the percent, she has to remember to ask someone at the shop.

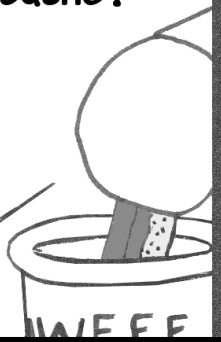
What if she wants to do taxes?

I give her the name of a good accountant.

Touche'!

Hey, you nabbed another biscotti!

I earned it!



There's no shame in knowing your limits. We all have them. We all plan around them, or get help. It's normal.

Yeah, but what if she just thinks these are her limits because of bad past experiences? What if she could be better?

That's for her to decide.

Got it.